



THE ARIZONA MINER.

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AT

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J. H. MARION,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Probate Judge, HIRSHMAN BROWN.
Patrol Sergeant, J. J. JONES.
Sheriff, A. J. MOORE.
County Recorder, JOHN H. BEHAN.
County Treasurer, WILLIAM COBY.
Clerk of District Court, R. W. WELLS, JR.

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Montezuma street, Prescott, Arizona.

JOHN HOWARD,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,

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Dr. J. N. McCANDLESS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

(Late of the U. S. Army.)

Offers his services to the people of Prescott and vicinity. Can be found, at all hours, except when professionally engaged, at his office, in Allen & White's store, Montezuma street, Prescott.

Prescott, November 7, 1869.

F. P. HOWARD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Wickenburg, Arizona.

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The stages of the undersigned, carrying the U. S. Mail, leave San Bernardino, California, every Wednesday morning, on the arrival of the Los Angeles stages, for La Paz, Arizona, arriving at La Paz every Saturday morning and departing every Saturday evening.

Passengers, packages, etc., transported at low rates. Agents—JOSSELYN MARKS, San Bernardino, GRAY & CO, La Paz. WATERS & NOBLE, Proprietors, San Bernardino, March 30, 1869.

WRITING MATERIAL, of all kinds,

For Sale at the Postoffice.

FOR SALE OR TO LET, CHEAP.

The Thunderbolt Quartz Mill situated on Lyons creek.
Apply to HENRY W. FLEURY.
Prescott August 21, 1869.

PACIFIC UNION EXPRESS COMPANY.

Will forward Bolls and Packages, every Saturday, from La Paz, Arizona, to San Francisco, California, at very low prices. For further particulars, inquire of J. GOLDWATER & BROS., Agents, La Paz.

Journalism in Tennessee.

That humorous, fanciful and, of course, untruthful cuss, "Mark Twain," descends as follows upon the above subject, in a recent number of his paper, the *Buffalo Express*:

The list of the Memphis *Advertiser* swoops thus willy down upon a correspondent who posted in as a Radical: "While he was writing the first word, the middle, dotting his eyes and crossing his 't's, and punching his period, he knew it was concocting a sentence that was swamped with infamy and reeking with falsehood."—*Exchange*.

It was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee and got a berth on the *Morning Glory* and *Johnson County War-Hop*, as associate editor. When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another afflicted chair, and he was half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stumps and "old soldiers," and a stove hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long-tailed black cloth frock coat on, and wide linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and a checked neckerchief with the end hanging down. Date of costume, about 184. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word, and in pawing his chair he had crumpled his looks a good deal. He was scolding fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest.

I wrote as follows:

"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS."

The editors of the Semi-Weekly *Earthquake* evidently labor under a misunderstanding in regard to the Ballyhack railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the *Earthquake* will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction.

"John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the *Higginsville Thunderbolt* and *Battle-Cry of Freedom*, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren house.

"We observe that our contemporary of the *Mud Springs Morning Howl* has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Verter is not an established fact, but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns.

"It is pleasant to note that the city of Blathersville is endeavoring to contract with some few York men to pave its well nigh impassable streets with the Nicholson pavement. But it is difficult to accomplish a desire like this since Memphis got some New Yorkers to do a like service for her and then declined to pay for it. However, the *Daily Herald* still urges the measure with ability, and seems confident of ultimate success.

"We are pained to learn that Col. Bascom, chief editor of the *Dying Shriek for Liberty*, fell in the street a few evenings since and broke his leg. He has lately been suffering with disability, caused by overwork and anxiety on account of sickness in his family, and it is supposed that he fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun."

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration or destruction. He glanced at it, and his face clouded. He rattled his eye down the pages, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said:

"Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand and grin at that? Give me the pen!" I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plough through another man's words and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window, and mured the symmetry of his ear.

"Ah!" said he, "that is that second-rate Smith of the *Moral Volcano*—he was due yesterday." And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second aim, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his cruelties and interlunacies. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stovepipe, and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a valet piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

"That stove is utterly ruined," said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

"Well, no matter—don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now, here is the way this stuff ought to be written."

I took the manuscript. It was scarred with cruelties and interlunacies till its mother wouldn't have known it, if it had had one. It now reads as follows:

"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS."

"The inveterate liars of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* are evidently endeavoring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhack railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own

fulsome brains—or rather in the settlements which they regard as brains. They had better swallow this lie, and not stop to chew it, either, if they want to save their abandoned, reptile carcasses the cowhiding they so richly deserve.

"That ass, Blossom, of the *Higginsville Thunderbolt* and *Battle-Cry of Freedom* is down here again, bumming his board at the Van Buren.

"We observe that the blotted blackguard of the *Mud Springs Morning Howl* is giving out, with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Verter is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth, to eradicate error, to educate, refine and elevate the tone of public morals and manners, and make all men more gentle, more virtuous, more charitable, and in all ways better, and holier and happier—and yet this black-hearted villain, this hell-spawned miscreant, prostitutes his great office persistently to the dissemination of falsehood, calumny, vituperation and degrading vulgarity. His paper is notoriously unfit to take into the people's homes, and ought to be banished to the gambling halls and brothels, where the mass of reeking pollution which does duty as its editor, lives and moves, and has his being.

"Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and a poor house more. The idea of a pavement in a one-horse town with two gin-mills and a blacksmith shop in it, and that mustard-plaster of a newspaper, the *Daily Herald*! Better borrow of Memphis, where the article is cheap. The crawling insect, Buckner, who edits the *Horrah*, is braying about this business with his customary loud-mouthed imbecility, and imagining that he is talking sense. Such foul, meretricious scum as this verminous Buckner, are a disgrace to journalism.

"That degraded ruffian, Bascom, of the *Dying Shriek for Liberty*, fell down and broke his leg yesterday—pity it wasn't his neck. He says it was 'debility, caused by overwork and anxiety.' It was debility, caused by trying to lug six gallons of forty rod whisky around town when his hide is only gauged for four, and anxiety about where he was going to ban another six. He fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun!" And well he might say that—but if he would walk straight he would get just as far and not have to walk half as much. For years the pure air of this town has been rendered perious by this perambulating pestilence, this pulpy blost, this steaming, animated tank of mendacity, gin and profanity, this Bascom! Perish all such from out the sacred and majestic mission of journalism!"

"Now that is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fan-tods."

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering of a crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way. The chief said:

"That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up now, right away."

He was correct. The "Colonel" appeared in the door a moment afterward, with a dragon revolver in his hand. He said:

"Sir, have I the honor of addressing the white-livered poltroon who edits this mangy sheet?"

"You have—be seated, sir—be careful of the chair, one of its legs is gone. I believe I have the honor of addressing the blattant, black-hearted scoundrel, Col. Blatherskite Tecumseh?"

"The same. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure we will begin."

"I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin."

Both pistols rang out, their fierce clamor at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended its career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said, I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat and assured me that I was not in the way. I had thought differently, up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops awhile, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's, and left. The chief turned to me and said:

"I am expecting company to dinner, and shall have to get ready. It will be a favor to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers."

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say. He continued: "Jones will be here at 3. Cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about 4—kill him. That is all for the day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table; weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Laurel, the surgeon, down stairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade."

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end

of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called, and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding, he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, black-legs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel, I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen nor steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of murky blasphemy, with a confused and frantic war dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewn the floor around us. He said:

"You'll like this place when you get used to it." I said:

"I'll have to get you to excuse me. I think maybe I might write to suit you, after a while, as soon as I had had some practice and learned the language—I am confident I could. But to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that, yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public, no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention as it calls forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted so much as I have been to-day. I like this berth well enough, but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel, I grant you, and entertaining, too, after a fashion, but they are not judiciously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you, through the window, and cripples me; a bomb-shell comes down the stove pipe for your gratification, and sends the stove door down my throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments with you, and freckles me with bullet holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to dinner and Jones comes in with his cowhide, Gillespie throws me out of the window, Thompson tears all my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my scalp with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their war paint and proceed to scare the rest of me to death with their tomahawks.

Take it altogether, I never had such a spirited time in all my life as I have had to-day. No, I like you, and I like your calm, unruffled way of explaining things to the customers, but you see I am not used to it. The southern heart is too impulsive—Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraph which I have written to-day, and into whose cold sentences your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennessee journalism will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come—and they will come hungry, too, and want somebody for breakfast. I shall have to bid you adieu. I decline to be present at these festivities. I came South for my health—I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly. Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me." After which, we parted, with mutual regret, and I took apartments at the hospital.

Forest Trees.

The Onago (Ill.) Horticultural Society has placed upon file the following resolution for discussion at some future meeting:

"Resolved, That the cultivation of forest trees is more profitable to the prairie farmer than the cultivation of fruit trees."

So far as it relates to the direct profit to be derived from the cultivation of forest trees, the farmers in each locality will have to determine for themselves, but we judge the resolution might have been a little stronger if it had read: "The cultivation of fruits cannot be made profitable in prairie countries without protection, and this cannot be obtained in any other way so cheap as by growing forest trees." In the Western States, this subject of growing trees for protection and profit, is receiving considerable attention, but not more than it really deserves. Whenever the western farmers cover at least one-fifth of their land with forests, they will find that they can grow more upon the remaining four-fifths than upon the whole. The country will be less liable to suffer from droughts; insects will do less damage, because their natural enemies, birds will find shelter in the woods, and will multiply accordingly. We have only to read the history of any country that has been deprived of its forests to verify the truth of these assertions.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "Mr. Kelly of Pennsylvania has been interviewed, and is disposed to favor Chinese immigration. He should be aware that, if the principle of protection, to which he devotes himself with vigor, is sound, the labor of the country, no less than capital, is entitled to protection. Why not protect the American laborer against the competition of Chinese as well as the Pennsylvania iron manufacturers against English competition?"

STRAW, compressed into slabs, and soaked in a solution of flint, is used to build cottages with in England. The flint solution makes the straw fire-proof. A cottage made of this curious material costs but \$425. What next!

HALF a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn will soon kill it.

Home Again All Safe.

The San Bernardino (California) *Guardian* of the 2d inst., contains the following:

"Our young friend, Mr. J. P. Kerfoot, got in on Tuesday from Arizona, on the La Paz stage. After leaving Prescott with his team on his return trip, news was brought to his friends that he was quite sick on the road, and had also been robbed of all his money."

"He has given us the particulars of his being robbed and the bad treatment he received at the hands of a party of discharged soldiers. He says he left Prescott in company with a Government outfit and 27 soldiers. He had three passengers with him, one a discharged soldier. Camping one night at Skull Valley, orders were given by the officer in command of the soldiers to leave next morning at 3 o'clock. He was aroused at that time, got up, took his money, which was in a pair of saddle pockets, rolled it up in his blankets and threw it into the front part of his wagon, and then proceeded to harness his mules. Soon after, on going to the back of his wagon, he noticed his blankets unrolled, and, on examination, found his money, \$750, gone. The discharged soldier was up and dressed, the other two were just getting up. At noon that day, the fact of his being robbed was mentioned to the officer in command, who then ordered all his men searched, but would not allow their knapacks searched—the money was not found. After parting with the command proceeded on to La Paz in company with seven men. Near Cullen's Well, he was taken sick with a fever, and finding he was unable to drive through the hot sun with the fever on him, requested one of the party to drive—he getting into the wagon. After proceeding some distance, he raised his head and then discovered that they were off the road. He directed them back to where the right road was but they refused to return. He then immediately looked for his rifle and revolver, but found them both missing, and, observing a pistol in the hands of each one of them, the idea flashed across his mind that they intended murdering him, which, he says, they soon gave him to understand was their intention. He told them there was a train of six wagons close behind, and if they carried out their threats they could not possibly escape detection. He then got out of the wagon and started off on foot towards the station, they threatening to shoot him if he did not come back. Two of them even got on his mules, pursued and overtook him, but he frightened them back by telling them he was prepared for them, if they attempted to shoot. On their return to the wagon, they unharmed six of his mules to leave, but as three of them had never been rode, they concluded to harness up and move on. On arriving at the station, he says he found the stage about leaving, and the leader of the party seated in it; he made an attempt to shoot him but was prevented by the bystanders. His brother who went out after him has the team in charge, on his way home. We are glad our young friend is back all safe, and sympathize with him in the loss of his money."

Railroad Movements.

St. Joseph papers state with some appearance of authority, the report that Erie has swallowed the majority of Hannibal and St. Joseph stock. At the same time the New York *Herald* states that Erie has swallowed the Michigan Southern, and thus driven New York Central to the Canada and Michigan Central route for its western connection. If so, the whole face of the railroad world will quickly change.

Let us suppose these combinations effected, as the latest rumors indicate. Draw one map with a red pencil the lines of the Erie alliance. Thence by Kansas City to Sheridan— for Pennsylvania Central parties are largely interested in the Kansas Pacific, if we mistake not—and by extension of the latter before next July to Denver and Cheyenne.

Erie can control no farther than St. Joseph or Kansas City without a new line, and hence we hear that the St. Joseph and Denver road is now to be pushed forward rapidly, with plenty of money behind it.

The trouble with all these combinations is the great Pacific route. Men suspect that Vanderbilt has his hold upon that; the recent change of Superintendents has been spoken of by some as an evidence of his influence. If so, all his rivals, in order to control free communication to the Pacific, must unite to break the monopoly now existing, and to push one or the other of the unfinished or projected Pacific roads. The Kansas Pacific, already farther advanced than any other, can easily be turned southward by the 35th parallel route. As for Jay Cooke's North Pole route, it has recently been surveyed again with most glowing statements of result, but we have seen no details published. The El Paso performance, which the New York *Tribune* has been vigorously puffing, will bear considerable puffing yet before it will become anything but a dream.

The great necessity of the time is a competing line to San Francisco, by a route more southern, less exposed to interruption by snow, and less embarrassed by heavy grades, than the great road already completed. A route by the thirty-fifth parallel, with prongs reaching to St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans, would accommodate the whole southern and central portion of the country, would ensure a reduction of rates of fare and freight across the continent, and would open the settlement and development of regions far richer and more important in every industrial sense than those which the present route reaches. Let us hope that the railroad war will lead some of the powerful combinations now forming to give us such a road.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

The best thing out—out of debt.